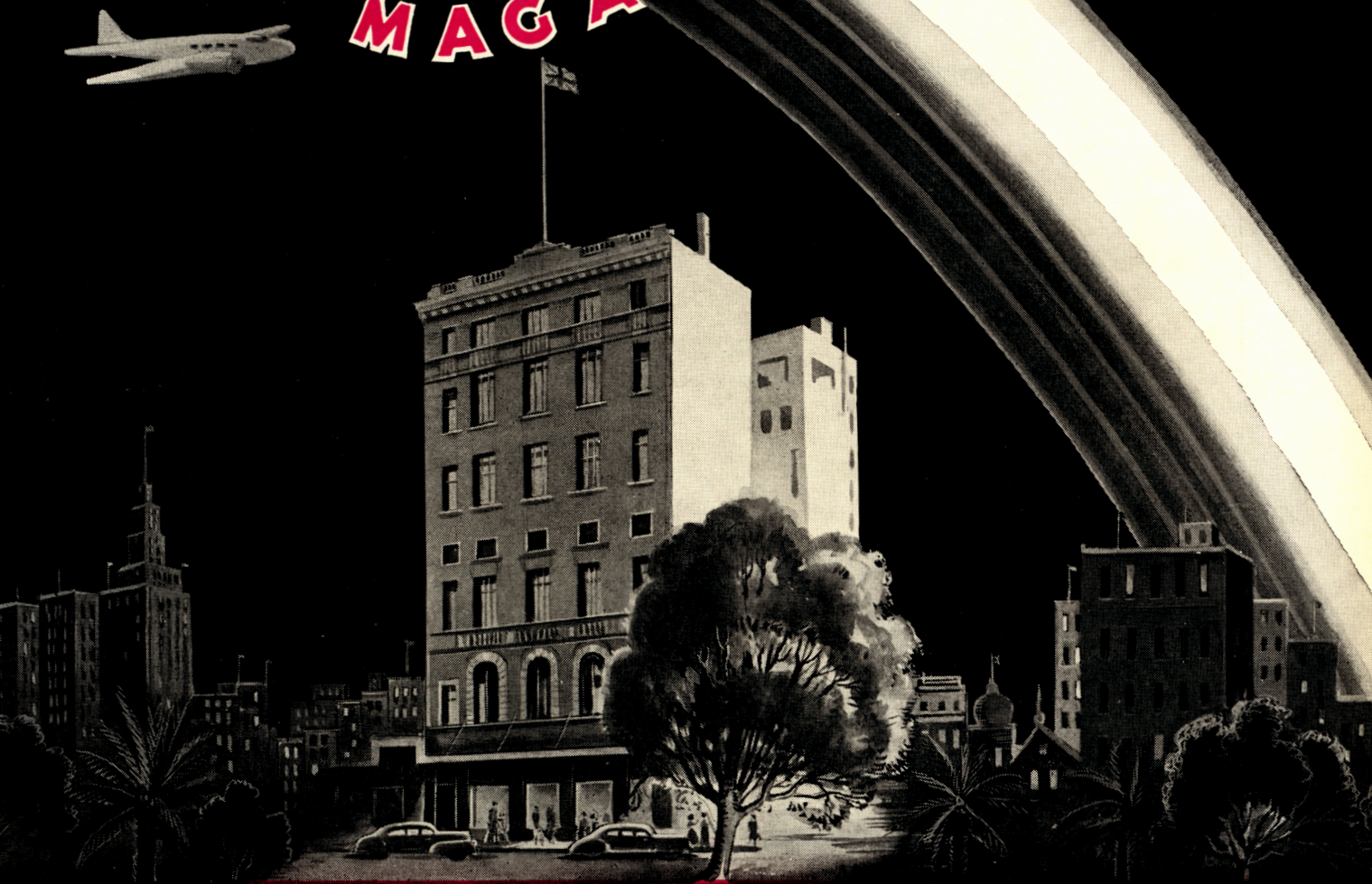


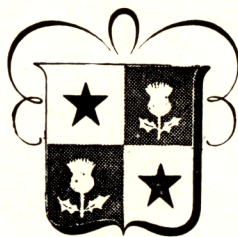
TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**"A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club"**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

What Your Club Offers You



VISITOR FROM U.S., so surprised with the spaciousness of Tattersall's Club and the quality of its service, described it as "a little city within a big city."

That is more than a pretty figure of speech when one comes to consider what goes on daily within the walls of a building facing two of the city's busiest thoroughfares. Constantly, a human stream is flowing through the entrances from the source of a 2,000-odd membership.

All this demands precision in planning. There are, of course, frailties, for the human equation enters into the scheme of things; but there must be no grave faults leading to breakdowns—no possibility of any unit being "Bunneronged." Thinking for to-morrow must be done to-day. The rest is co-ordination. Sounds simple; but try your 'prentice hand for a day or so and you will be happy to turn back the job to the regulars.

Amenities of the club come under two main heads: comfort and recreation. Comfort, of course, includes such considerations as health and relaxation. Refreshment, too; not forgetting mental refreshment. Recreation—well, take your pick.

Tattersall's Club has the only elevated swimming pool in Australia. The water is filtered and heated. The Athletic Department contains a steam room, hot room, sweat box, sunray, massage and so forth. Now that winter is approaching, the call on these services will be heavier. This call will be met.

Card rooms and billiards rooms provide gentler forms of relaxation—for those who like it that way. According to spirit, domino games are played a little strenuously occasionally; but a similar charge has been levelled against some of the snooker players. What matters is that all are enjoying themselves, and that the club spirit of good-fellowship prevails.

While these services are arranged indoors, the club provides also for outdoor sport. Bowling and golf are a regular part of the lives of many members. It may not be long before tennis and other pastimes are added.

Withal the committee's purpose is to maintain high standards of service, as it requires high standards of membership. That's why Tattersall's Club remains in its realm top club of the Southern Hemisphere.



Established 14th May, 1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY



Chairman:

S. E. CHATTERTON

Treasurer:

JOHN HICKEY

Committee:

**F. J. CARBERRY
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
A. J. MATTHEWS**

**G. J. C. MOORE
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD
DONALD WILSON**

Secretary:

M. D. J. DAWSON

AFFILIATED CLUBS :

DENVER ATHLETIC CLUB Denver, U.S.A.
LAKE SHORE CLUB OF CHICAGO Chicago, Ill.
LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles ATHLETIC CLUB:—

Pacific Coast Club.
Riviera Country Club.

OLYMPIC CLUB San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.
NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB New York, U.S.A.
TERMINAL CITY CLUB Vancouver, B.C.
SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

MAY, 1949.

1st V. H. Moodie	15th J. Goldberg
John Dolden	C. S. Laurie
Ernest Lashmar	16th Dr. L. S. Loewenthal
3rd Roy Miller	
4th L. M. Browne	17th L. R. Harrison
D. F. Stewart	22nd De Renzie Rich
5th W. M. Jennings	Mr. Justice Herron
F. C. Horley	R. L. Ball
6th H. C. Bartley	25th T. C. Chapman
A. E. Coulthurst	26th R. B. Barmby
7th L. P. R. Bean	C. R. Tarrant
G. A. Crawford	J. T. Hackett
10th E. W. Abbott	28th Geo. Chiene
12th D. S. Davis	30th Mr. Justice Clancy
14th C. E. Blaney	A. C. Shaw
Fred Pfeiffer	31st A. B. Abel

JUNE

1st I. Green	17th Dr J. C. Bell
Norman Barrell	Allen
S. E. Armstrong	17th P. P. Hassett
2nd G. B. Murtough	18th R. A. Cullen
5th F. A. Comins	Ward
7th H. J. Robertson	19th Neil McKenna
9th S. Baker	20th F. G. Underwood
11th C. E. Young	20th C. R. Cornwell
14th S. E. Thomas	29th A. J. Genge
15th J. L. Ruthven	29th C. A. Shepherd
16th Frank E. Shepherd	

A DOLPH BASSER was not aware that his rival in the bidding duel for the Felcrag-Dark Elegance colt (2,900 guineas) was one so formidable as F. W. Hughes. Nor was Mr. Basser aware that he had Leslie Coward—who since died—up against him in a duel at the previous yearling sales. On the latter occasion, Mr. Basser decided to stop at 4,400 guineas; luckily for him, for the colt, which went to Mr. Coward at 4,500 guineas, was known later as Heritor; not a world-beater.

MR. BASSER says that as a businessman he believes a hobby essential. Racing is his hobby. A hobby is not to be evaluated in terms of profit and loss. If it were so evaluated it wouldn't be a hobby—which is sound philosophy.

CHARLIE HYLAND, who has Laudus, rising 7 years, racing again, said that the horse had taken part in only 34 races. Charlie added: Laudus didn't race while I was overseas last year. I'm in the game for the sport of it and when a horse of mine runs I like to have the pleasure of seeing him in action.

WHEN a winner was a loser (as told by a club member): Man who found a 10/- note in the street decided to cash in on his good fortune by buying a lottery ticket. He placed the 10/- note in a wallet together with a pound note and three first-class references. Arriving at the Lottery Office, the man bought a ticket out of the 10/- note, but left his wallet on the counter. Nobody returned the wallet—and the ticket the loser bought turned out a blank.

BILLY ALBERT, "The Bulletin's" representative in the U.S.—and personal friend of club member Les Harrison—told on his recent return to Sydney on a business mission: "I saw the Louis-Conn and the Louis-Walcott fights. Conn seemed to out-dazzle Louis as a boxer, and Louis could not fathom Walcott's awkward style. But Louis packs a terrific punch. When he gets it home squarely the fellow on the receiving end stays down; when Louis gets home slanting blows they slow up the best of boxers."

P. & W. MITCHELL owned Trafalgar and Bibbenluke (Trafalgar's pacemaker in some of his long distance wins, including three A.J.C. Plates). At Autumn meeting as a 5-year-old Trafalgar (1911 season) was beaten in the Autumn Stakes by Comedy King, then won the Cumberland Stakes and the A.J.C. Plate. In the last-named race he beat Bisplay and The Lad, starting at 7 to 1 on. Bibbenluke was pacemaker in the Cumberland Stakes (200 to 1) and the Plate (no bets against him). Trafalgar also won the A.J.C. Plate at 6 years starting at 5 to 1 on, beating Aurofodina and Cadonia and was ridden by Jim Pike that year (1912).

IN one of Trafalgar's wins, the Champion Stakes, he started at 25 to 1 on. Before those two Plate successes he also won the race as a 3-year-old in 1909 beating Neith and Lord Nolan. Trafalgar started at 3 to 1; Lord Nolan 5 to 4 on.

THE Winter Handball competition, The "Winooka" Trophy, a handicap event, should be in full swing by the time this journal goes to press. Forty-six players have entered and all are keyed up to do their best. Each player will have to play 45 games so the boys will be busy for some time.

The Trophy for this event is donated by Mr. A. J. Matthews.

DEATHS

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since the last issue:—Mr. William Louis BRAINARD, Elected, 19th December, 1940; Died, 21st April, 1949. Mr. J. H. BLACK. Elected 29/3/1915. Died 4/5/1949. Mr. John E. LEVY. Elected 29/3/1943. Died 5/5/1949.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES:

House Committee:

S. E. Chatterton (Chairman), J. Hickey (Treasurer), F. J. Carberry, A. G. Collins, G. J. C. Moore, J. A. Roles.

Card Room Stewards:

G. Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles.

Billiards & Snooker Tournaments Committee:

J. A. Roles (Chairman), A. J. Matthews, W. Longworth, C. E. Young

Handball Committee:

P. B. Lindsay (Hon. Secretary).

Swimming Club Committee:

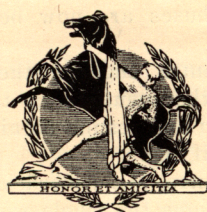
J. Dexter (Hon. Secretary), A. S. Block, J. Gunton, S. E. Chatterton (Patron).

Bowling Club Committee:

J. A. Roles (President), E. G. Dewdney (Vice-President), C. E. Young, C. L. Davis, Harold Hill, E. F. Krieger, E. C. Murray, Gordon H. Booth (Hon. Secretary).

Golf Club:

Patron, S. E. Chatterton; President, J. Hickey; Vice-President, W. Longworth; Captain, F. S. Lynch; Committee:—K. L. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings; Hon. Treasurer, H. (Barney) Fay; Hon. Secretary, S. Peters.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB
157 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 8th June, 1949, at 8 o'clock p.m.

B U S I N E S S :

- (a) To confirm Minutes of Annual General Meeting of Members held on the 9th and 10th July, 1948, and Special General Meetings of Members held on the 17th March, 19th April, 28th July, and 1st September, 1948.
- (b) To adopt the Annual Report, Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and accompanying Statements for the year ended 28th February, 1949.
- (c) To elect a Chairman.
Mr. S. E. Chatterton retires in accordance with the Rules, but does not offer himself for re-election.
- (d) To elect a Treasurer.
Mr. J. Hickey retires in accordance with the Rules, but does not offer himself for re-election, as he has intimated that he will be a candidate for the vacancy in the office of Chairman.
- (e) To elect Eight Members to serve on the Committee for One Year.
Messrs. F. J. Carberry, George Chiene, A. G. Collins, A. J. Matthews, G. J. C. Moore, and Donald Wilson are retiring Members of the Committee, all of whom are eligible for re-election, and offer themselves accordingly.
Mr. J. A. Roles also retires as a Committeeman, and he has intimated that he will not seek re-election to the Committee, as he will be a Candidate for the vacancy in the office of Treasurer.
Mr. F. G. Underwood retires as a Committeeman, but does not offer himself for re-election.
- (f) To elect an Auditor or Auditors.
Messrs. Starkey and Starkey retire and offer themselves for re-election.
- (g) To Transact any other business that may be brought before the Meeting in accordance with the Rules of the Club.

N.B.—Nominations for the office of Chairman, Treasurer, or Member of Committee, signed by two Members, and with the written consent of the Nominee endorsed thereon, must be handed to the Secretary by 5 p.m. on the 17th May, 1949.

Nominations for Auditors must be lodged not later than 12 noon, 31st May, 1949.

19th May, 1949.

M. D. J. DAWSON,
Secretary.

Club's Big Cheque for Spastic Centre

DURING recent summer months members of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, vied with members of Tattersall's Club, Brisbane, on the cricket field. Committeeman Alf G. Collins was the instigator and the Mosman Spastic Centre was nominated to receive any collections. The match was played on Sydney Cricket Ground and the day's receipts tallied up to £527/8/3.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 3, our chairman, Mr. S. E. Chatterton, called a few members together when he presented the cheque to Mr. H. S. Elderfield, who received it on behalf of the Centre.

The Chairman noted the great work the Centre is doing and made it clear that when the Spastic Centre was named to receive all proceeds of the match referred to the voting was unanimous.

Mr. Collins, called on to support, said he hoped the games would continue—one in Brisbane and a return in Sydney each year.

Mr. Elderfield expressed himself as amazed at the amount received. He had visualised something less than half. He gave an interesting talk on the Spastic movement and quoted cost figures to-day as £380 per week which must all be raised by voluntary effort.

Bus transport for patients was a

big and costly problem and no less than 14 buses are now being used daily.

The Centre engages the biggest staff of therapists in the Commonwealth and results obtained were most gratifying.

The Centre, Mr. Elderfield pointed out, is unique the whole world over. There is nothing like it anywhere.

Cerebral Palsied children are known as Spastics. This condition is due to an injury of the brain at birth—mostly that portion of the brain governing motor nerves. The injury may result in inability to stand, walk, hold anything, speak, see, hear, or even swallow correctly.

Very rarely the intellect is impaired. In these cases nothing can be done.

No one mother can be assured of immunity from this blow whatever the station in life for it is as prevalent amongst families whose station in life should ensure best possible treatment at birth as among those not so fortunate.

Mr. G. C. Edwards (Brisbane Tattersall's) who dubs himself president of his club's "back seaters" also spoke. He said how delighted his members were that unfortunate children would benefit from the cricket matches played and hoped the present set-up would long continue.

19 to 10. The winners will be tough opposition in ensuing rounds.

An interesting and unusual happening occurred in a recent Club game at Double Bay. Rinks skippered by Bill McDonald and Ted Abbott were opposed and during one head, three bowls were resting on the jack and forming a triangle around it. This is about as rare as a triple dead heat in the Sydney Cup.

Members are again reminded to watch the Club notice board for details of fixtures now being arranged.

Congratulations to V. P. Charlie Young for a splendid effort in defeating Wal. Lumley in a round of the Minor Championship at City Club. Charlie is at prohibitive odds for the final.

PRESENTATION TO SEP PROSSER

MR. J. A. ROLES, President of Paddock Bookmakers' Association, had the honour recently (4/4/49) to present Mr. Sep Prosser with a canteen of cutlery as a mark of members' esteem as well as a token of their appreciation of his dignity during four years of office as President of the Association.

Because of Sep's glamour shyness the function was of an informal nature. Present were Mr. Roles' committee and Mr. P. F. Pilcher, Chairman of St. Leger Bookmakers' Association. Sep was very pleased and proud to receive such a bestowal at the end of his career of thirty years as a bookmaker. Nothing could have been more real than the toast to the health of the donee and the reminiscent conviviality which ended the function. Some of us will wonder how are they going to keep him down on the farm.

BOWLING NOTES

CLUB games during the past month have been well attended by members, although affected by Easter festivities. Also a number of regulars, including Patron Stan Chatterton and Hon. Secretary Gordon Booth, have been holidaying away from Sydney.

In a recent match against Pratten Park Bowling Club we were defeated by 109 to 91 after a keen tussle.

Details:—Dwyer, Goldberg, Jones, Silk (Tatts.), 24 v. Chessell, Russell, Dunstan, Traversi (P.P.), 30. Mitchell, Williams, Munro, Murray (Tatts.), 17 v. Andrews, Rutherford, McEvoy, Black (P.P.), 30. Ruthven, Pointing, Gibbs, Young (Tatts.), 16

v. Nicol, Smellie, Charles, Coleman (P.P.), 27. Bavington, Longworth, Dewdney, Booth (Tatts.), 34 v. Boyd, Martin, Guy, Warman (P.P.), 22.

In this game Bill Longworth lost his maiden certificate and early form indicates many future victories.

Pratten Park Club has been very generous in their hospitality to us and arrangements are in hand to entertain a team from that Club on Thursday, 5th May, at Double Bay.

Factors mentioned earlier in these notes have delayed games in the Pairs Handicap and in the only match so far decided H. McIntosh and W. Thomas (2) defeated H. Hill and J. Lindsay (scratch) by

IN the weighing room of the A.J.C. at Randwick are two historic pictures: one of the unbeaten Grand Flaneur; the other of Splendor (by Stockwell). What height was Splendor? Ian Feakes (asst. handicapper) could not recall a record of that bit of information, but legend had it that the groom holding Splendor was 6 ft. tall and—as the photograph shows—had extra pieces sewn into the legs of his trousers to lengthen them and so look pretty for the purpose of the picture, but Splendor, head held high, dominates.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC

By Billy Rose

IN THE DAYS when Broadway was crying into its needle beer, a young fellow named Sam Winslow opened a one-lung publishing house and began exploiting his own songs. But 20 years ago the pop song business was a tough one to buck without bucks.

Just as Sam's firm was about to fold, he met up with a sharp-faced gal named Helen who had 15,000 dollars in the bank and a yen to get married, and so, after the customary amount of marvelling, mewing and mazurkaing, they merged.

But Helen couldn't forget that she had bankrolled the firm, and she didn't intend to let Sam forget it either. It wasn't long before she was known as one of the town's better naggers and nippers.

The second year of their marriage, Sam wrote and published one of those one-name songs like "Dinah" and "Laura" which music buyers like almost as well as steak. Just to confuse the libel lawyers, let's call it "Rhoda." It was what the understatement boys call a "smash."

But Helen hated the song. Every time she was introduced around at a cocktail party, some file-tongued female would say: "How perfectly thrilling to meet you, my dear Rhoda. Everyone is simply ma-a-ad about that lovely song your husband wrote about you."

And when Helen would explain that her name was not Rhoda but Helen, the female would bat her eyelashes in elaborate confusion and purr: "So sorry da-a-rling, but, naturally, I assumed you were the inspiration for the song."

Finally the poison took hold, and one afternoon Helen dropped in at Sam's office, first having made sure he was out. Finally she found what she was looking for—an assistant switchboard operator named Rhoda.

When Sam came in that afternoon, Helen went into the speech she had been rehearsing. "For a long time," she said, "I've suspected that the 'Rhoda' song was inspired by some girl you were running around with.

Well, I've met Miss Rhoda and I hope the two of you will be very happy together."

Before Sam could say anything the girl spoke up. "You've got a wrong number, lady," she said. "The 'Rhoda' song was published three months before I even came to work here. And besides, my real name isn't Rhoda—it's Gertrude. I only said it was Rhoda when I applied for the job because I thought it might hand your husband a laugh."

As Helen left the office she was more contrite than she had ever been in her life—which was still something short of a world's record.

Sam's private secretary, a girl with very impressive architecture, went to the built-in bar and poured him a drink.

"Fix one for yourself, Rhoda," said the music man. "This has been quite an afternoon."

Suddenly he put his glass down. "How come my wife overlooked you?" he asked.

"I'm no dope," said Beautiful. "When your wife asked my name I told her it was Margie. Even she knows you didn't write that one."

HORSE DECLINE

FEW people realise that horses are being bred almost exclusively for meat in England now. The Ministry of Agriculture and the National Farmers' Union both deplore it, and it is a grievous fact for lovers of the horse.

The spread of mechanisation in all branches of farm work and in transport has meant a steady decline for years past in the number of horses in the country. England and Wales have 60,000 fewer this year than last, and the present total of 538,000 compares with 846,000 in 1939.

It was put to me this way recently: "If farmers could not sell horses for slaughter probably horsebreeding would almost cease. Therefore it was considered that things should go on as now and horses be sold both for slaughter and export. It was choosing the lesser of two evils, but nobody is happy about it."

CLUB MEMBERS IN THE MONEY

Club members figured in the prize money at the Autumn fixture of the A.J.C. at Randwick, one, Mr. F. G. Spurway, being unlucky with his three-year-old colt Vagabond, second in both Doncaster and Sydney Cup.

MR. A. O. ROMANO won the Doncaster with his brilliant 3-year-old colt Bernbrook, a brother to Shannon, now at the stud in America and in which country Bernbrook will later be raced.

On this occasion doubles' book-makers did a smart bit of early sorting from the weights as in the main first selections for the double were Bernbrook and Carbon Copy, and both horses were successful. It was a costly result for the ringmen.

Bernbrook had a fairly comfortable victory in the mile though Vagabond staged a late finish. It was the same in the Cup, Vagabond again coming from a fairly long way back and then having to be content with second money, half a length behind Carbon Copy.

Another Club member, Mr. W. W. Ryan, is part owner of Benvolo, which secured third money in the Cup. This colt has risen meteorically in the turf world and may be a good stayer a little later on.

Results of both Doncaster and Sydney Cup showed the 3-year-olds up in a most favourable light and Sydney and Melbourne next season should see some grand racing between the class 4-year-olds and their older and younger rivals.

Carbon Copy proved best 3-year-old of the season but Vagabond might turn out to be his chief rival next term, especially when the big events of the spring are to be run. Comic Court may also be right in the picture.

A COUPLE took their five-year-old son along on a trip to Niagara Falls for his first look at that fireless superspectacle.

They trotted him up to the brink of the gorge, held him firmly on the balustrade for a good look and awaited his reaction.

The youngster stared long and silently, then declared: "I wanna drink of water."

Lords of the Manor No More

IN THE YEAR 585 A.D. the Church held a Council at Macon. The ancient records tell that at this Council "a certain Bishop got up and maintained that a woman could not be called a human being. After argument, however, the point was settled against him by the Bishops." Nearly 13 centuries passed, and man's inhumanity to woman had suffered no amelioration (wrote London "Evening Standard").

Came 1948, and the days of Mass-Observation. For some little time this body had had its knowing eye switched to the domestic habits of the middle classes. This week its bulletin reports results. Nine women out of ten, it has been found, think it is right for men to help with the household chores.

We are not surprised; especially as the viewpoint of the tenth is that "they're more nuisance than they're worth." But what dumbfounds us, and would have struck even the progressive majority of the bishops dead with consternation, is the find-

ing that "nine out of ten of the male members of middle-class households expect to help with domestic work."

A Civil Servant, aged 55, is reported as saying: "What sort of help do I give? Every help. Vacuum cleaner, mops, brooms, dusters, and the work is not arduous. It takes about one and a half hours a day!" This fellow disgusts us. We hate him like we did the little well-scrubbed swots at school, who stood so well with teacher.

We like much better the probation officer, who said: "The fact that a man is at home shows that he has finished his own work; that there is still some housework to do shows that his wife has more to do than he has (assuming she is a conscientious worker)." This man is wasting his talents on the reformation of toughs. He should be posted to high diplomatic office.

Those words in brackets are as fine a knuckle-duster in a velvet glove as will be found in any of the published proceedings of UNO.

Indeed, on careful reading, the bulletin discloses little evidence of any real conversion of the masculine heart. It states that nine men out of ten expect to help with domestic work; and that "the man who expects to be waited on hand and foot is something of an anachronism."

But expectation is more often the result of disillusion than desire. We would take a small wager that for every Civil Servant who dreams by day of the vacuum cleaner there are thousands whose fantasies centre on themselves as Pashas, reclining richly on brocades, pomegranate in one hand, hookah-stem in the other, and houris sprinkling their temples with rose-petal water.

As so often, Dr. Johnston had the gist of the matter when he gave it for his opinion that "Man is seldom so harmlessly occupied as when he is making money." These are wise words; and women will do well to remember them.

NO telephone pole was ever known to hit a car except in self defence.



TATTERSALL'S
First Prize - £10,000
CASH CONSULTATIONS

are a weekly affair.

Well and Widely Known.
The Ticket 5/-.

Postage for ticket and result, 5d.

"To Win You Must Be In"

The address :
Geo. Adams (Tattersall)
HOBART.

For Quality Meat . . .

**HENRY
WOOLFE**

Two Famous Meat Stores

**636 GEORGE STREET and
130 PITT STREET, SYDNEY**

NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

MAY RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

Saturday, 21st May, 1949

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

PROGRAMME

NOVICE HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with **£600** added. Second horse **£120**, and third horse **£60** from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, a Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden horse; an Improver's Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Provided that a winner at time of starting of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

One Mile and a Quarter.

TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings at time of starting)
A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with **£700** added. Second horse **£140**, and third horse **£70** from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

Seven Furlongs.

JUVENILE STAKES

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies at time of starting)
A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with **£700** added. Second horse **£140**, and third horse **£70** from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

Six Furlongs.

THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with **£700** added. Second horse **£140**, and third horse **£70** from the prize. For three and four-year-olds at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st.

One Mile.

FLYING HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with **£1,000** added. Second horse **£200** and third horse **£100** from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. (No Allowances for Apprentices.)

Six Furlongs.

THE JAMES BARNES PLATE

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with **£1,250** added. Second horse **£200** and third horse **£100** from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.)

One Mile and a Quarter.

WELTER HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with **£700** added. Second horse **£140**, and third horse **£70** from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb.

One Mile

CONDITIONS

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 16th May, 1949.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only. The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

M. D. J. DAWSON,
Secretary.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

Prefers Racing in Australia

On his trip abroad, Club Member Lionel Bloom naturally found many things of particular interest, and renewed many acquaintances, but in England the little racing he saw didn't greatly impress him.

AT Hurst Park, near London, he met Stanley Wootton, who is well known to most Club members, and who visits Sydney at regular intervals. Lionel also had a chat with Ray ("Togo") Johnstone. Accommodation for members at Hurst Park and for the public could not be compared with Australian courses, even some of our minor tracks.

"One had to sit on a concrete stand as there was no other seating, while the public was given no means of knowing what was leading, or where their fancy was running, unless someone with a pair of binoculars helped them out. The racing was not broadcast. In fact, it wasn't easy to get a full view of the running. Edgar Britt rode a couple of winners at the fixture which made me feel at home."

As most members know, many English racecourses suffer by comparison with Australian tracks, that is, for essential amenities and general comfort for the paying public. Even Club Members in England have to put up with many inconveniences.

Lionel went to Newmarket sales of thoroughbred bloodstock and saw some perfect horses to look at. He was interested in the bidding which often rose during the five day's sales to £20,000, even £30,000 for choice lots, some for mares in foal. At one place visited, Chester on the River Dee, he saw one of the most picturesque racetracks in the world. A Roman built wall surrounds that beautiful area.

A trip to Holland was instructive. He travelled by a luxurious, though small, Dutch boat which accommo-

dated between 300 and 400 passengers, but it was an eye-opener so far as glamorous comfort was concerned. It took six hours to run from Harwick to The Hague.

At Grosvenor House Hotel, London, Lionel met Ivan St. Clair and Peter Farley and thereby hangs a tale. Peter had won the popular pool two or three nights running on the trip by the Queen Elizabeth voyaging from New York to Southampton. In all, he lifted £1,100, but more than a tenth of it went in boat tips, etc. On landing in England he had £900 (sterling) of the amount. His hotel bill (Grosvenor) for three weeks reduced the total by £360, and that was for a small suite only, while entertainment further cut the pool win. However, it was a tidy lift and broke down costs.

Lionel's trip was undertaken for health reasons as well as the holiday, and he derived much benefit from it. Actually he didn't bother much about racing. He was quite happy to escape the turf for a few months.

At Mount Royal Hotel, London, where he stayed, he ran into Ray All-

sop (now back in Sydney). A chap sitting near him in the Lounge said to Lionel, "I bet you don't remember me. I used to bet with you 20 years ago at Randwick." Lionel remembered the face but had no idea what the man's name was. It was the usual order for a dozen or so Aussies to get together for coffee each night and a chinwag mostly about their own country.

The "call of the card" on the Manchester Handicap and held at the Victoria Club was a poor show measured by Australian standards. Lionel also attended concerts given by Australian singers Rosina Raisbeck (contralto) and Sylvia Fisher (soprano). Rosina sang in a hall in Edinburgh, Scotland, which held 2,800. There was a chorus of 180, and at a Sunday afternoon at Green's Playhouse (also in Scotland), 4,500 attended.

Sir Thomas Beecham rehearsed an orchestra there. Looking round he said, "What a glorious place for a Spanish bull-fight." How like Sir Thomas.

"THE EIGHTEENS"

AS London "Punch" sees the eighteens on Sydney Harbour: The 18-footer sailing boats race regularly in Sydney Harbour, and are followed by dozens of ancient ferry boats and tugs bulging with punters. Each boat is run by a bookmaker, and as the little yachts proceed delicately down the course they are pursued by this vulgar armada bawling out the odds. The effect of the spectacle on a sensitive member of the

Royal Yacht Squadron would be almost fatal.

Even the most superior sailing man, who feels that this commercialisation of sailing is an outrage, must admit that it gets results. In light winds these eighteen-footers stagger along under thousands of square feet of canvas—expertly balanced by a crew of ten. As one ocean racing expert said when he saw it for the first time—"That isn't sailing—it's juggling."

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Sydney Harbour's Industrial Section



Sydney Harbour, famed for its beauty spots, is also a virile industrial centre. Picture shows Ball's Head, with Wallarah Company's Bunkering Depot and C.O.R. Tanks in the foreground.

DATA ABOUT DOGS

WHAT is the most popular dog in Britain to-day? Undoubtedly, the cocker-spaniel. It tops the list at the Kennel Club with latest registrations in one year of 27,096. Next come Alsations (real description, German shepherd dogs) with 11,787. Third are wire-haired fox terriers with 8,227. Pekingese are well to the fore—5,639 registrations in one year.

Dog fashions change. Twenty years ago the Alsatian was in great demand, being new and showy. Ten years ago it was the fox terrier. Now it is the cocker-spaniel. There doesn't seem to be any reason.

Do you know why an Alsatian always lopes in semi-circles behind you on the pavement? Developed as a sheep dog, it is now shepherding you along. The belief that an Alsatian is treacherous is nonsense. Lots of other dogs bite people, too, but Alsations, because people believe they are near-wolves, always get the publicity.

Why is a Labrador the strongest swimmer? In the industrial revolu-

tion the French took the opportunity of selling salt-cod to Britain. They laid nets around the Labrador coast, threw the local dogs into the sea with a rope tied round them. The dogs swam ashore; other fishermen pulled in the ropes, which were tied to nets, and there was the cod.

The Board of Trade is proud of the dog export market. A thousand were sold overseas last year, bringing in about £100,000. A Peke went for £1,500, a Scottish terrier for £1,000, and so on. In normal times people come from all over the world to buy our dogs.

In China they eat dogs; dog-ham is a great black-market delicacy there. On the Continent they work them. In Tibet they use them to turn prayer-wheels, and in the Congo they worship them.

The average life of a dog is ten years.

The heaviest dogs are mastiffs, frequently weighing 14 stone. Lightest are lap-dogs, Pomeranians, Yorkshire terriers, Pekes, etc., shuddering the scales at 4 lbs.

Big dogs have the biggest litters: world record is twenty-three pups by a St. Bernard. Alsations manage eight or nine regularly. Pekes, two or three.

Collies of fifty years ago look nothing like the collies of to-day. Evolution is an essential in the dog world.

All told, there are about 350 different breeds of dog in Britain.

HUSBANDS, BEWARE!

IF your husband sneaks in at odd hours of the morning, what you want is a "husband detector." This remarkable little gadget — known in scientific circles as a "proximity relay" — is a small bakelite box containing two electronic tubes, some wiring, a plug, and a switch.

It is a peacetime version of the "proximity fuse," the electronic device which enabled high velocity shells to seek out enemy objectives during the war.

You take the detector, plug in an

electric bell and hide it near your bedroom door. If your everloving gets within 10 feet, the detector "smells him out" and rings the bell constantly until he moves outside its 10-foot detection radius.

The proximity relay was developed from the proximity fuse by the Minneapolis - Honeywell Regulator Company. Gordon Volkenant, the company's associate director of research, suggests—probably, to placate husbands—that the relay can also be used as a burglar alarm or an automatic garage-door opener.

THE colonel, over the telephone, ordered that one of the unit cars should be sent round to him at once.

"Sorry, sir," replied the non-commissioned officer, "the major has the Vauxhall, the adjutant the Bentley, the medical officer the Austin, and the quartermaster has borrowed your bicycle."

The air changed from fair to warmer, and when the colonel recovered his breath, he shouted: "Find my batman, and if he's not wearing my boots, I'll walk."

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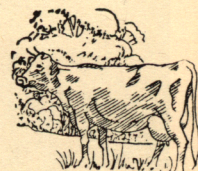
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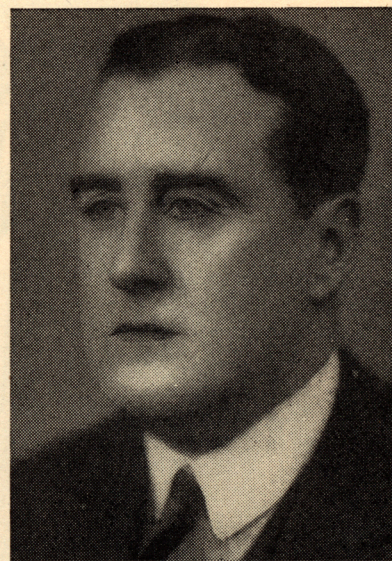


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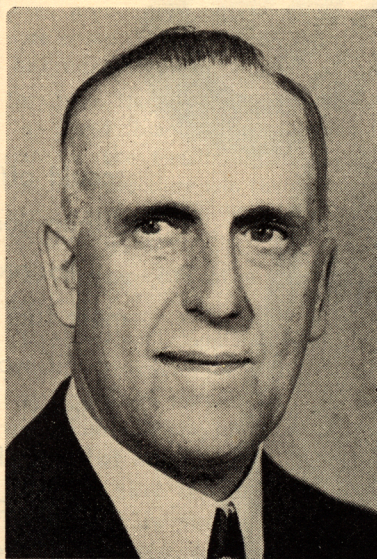
RETIRING OFFICE BEARERS



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Committeeman.



MR. F. J. CARBERRY,
Committeeman.



MR. S. E. CHATTERTON,
Chairman.



MR. A. G. COLLINS,
Committeeman.



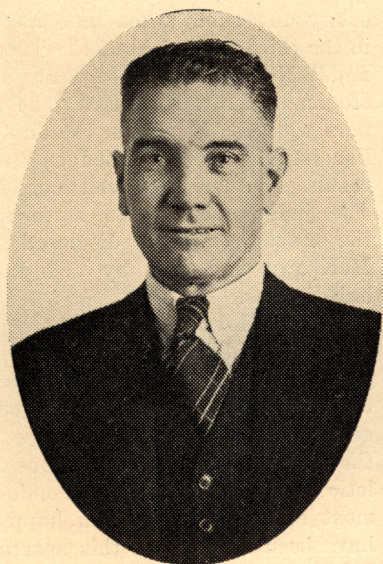
MR. DONALD WILSON,
Committeeman.

Mr. S. E. Chatterton retires as Chairman, but does not seek re-election.

Mr. John Hickey retires as Treasurer but does not offer himself for re-election as he is a Candidate for the vacancy in the office of Chairman.

Mr. F. G. Underwood retires as Committeeman but does not offer himself for re-election.

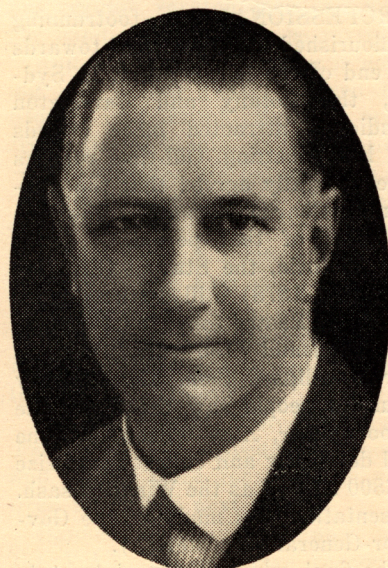
RETIRING OFFICE BEARERS



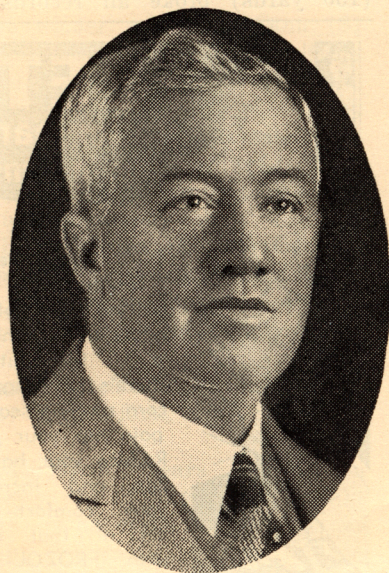
Mr. G. CHIENE
Committeeman.



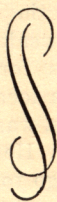
MR. JOHN HICKEY,
Treasurer.



Mr J. A. ROLES
Committeeman.



Mr. A. J. MATTHEWS.
Committeeman.



Mr. G. J. C. MOORE.
Committeeman.

Mr. J. A. Roles retires as a Committeeman but does not offer himself for re-election as he is a Candidate for the vacancy in the office of Treasurer.

All other Retiring Office Bearers are eligible and offer themselves for re-election at the Annual General Meeting of the Members to be held at 8 p.m. on 8th June, 1949.

Graphic Story of Great Footrunners

Here's a story, written by Committeeman George Chiene, showing that the present is as dazzling as the past in the realm of professional footrunning. The writer treats graphically the personalities and incidents related to recent meetings.

PROFESSIONAL footrunning flourished in Australia towards the end of the last century. In Sydney, the Botany and Carrington Handicaps attracted large crowds and heavy betting. Old-time runners were generally agreed that the aboriginal, Charlie Samuels, was the champion of that period.

In Victoria, the Stawell Gift (inaugurated 1878) still attracts large crowds at Easter time; but the Bendigo Thousand (130 yards) held in March, eclipsed them all. Twenty thousand people saw the Sea Lake schoolteacher, Alex Wilson, win the final decisively and collect first prize of £800 as well as the Winner's sash. Presentation was made by the Governor-General (Mr. McKell).

The final, which had an interstate flavour, resulted as follows: A. N. J. Wilson (Vic.), 8 yds., (1); J. A. Cull (Vic.), 9½ yds. (2); G. Whallin (S.A.), 7 yds. (3); P. A. McKeown (Vic.), 7¼ yds. (4); A. V. Taylor

(N.S.W.), 8 yds. (5). Betting: Evens Cull; 3 to 1 Whallin; 4 to 1 Wilson; 9/2 McKeown; 6 to 1 Taylor.

The field moved off to an even and excellent start. Cull appeared to have the race won at the 100 yard mark but Wilson, with a remarkable burst, won by a yard. His time, 11-8/10 secs., was equal to 4 yards inside even time, but 1/10 sec. slower than the time John Stoney recorded in winning last year.

Wilson weighs 10 st. 7 lbs. and was within a few days of his 24th birthday.

The story of Wilson's success is a remarkable one. As a youth he was considered delicate and was not regarded as an athlete by his school pals. However, there was a background of running in the family. His father, Bill Wilson, was a noted athlete, about 40 years ago, and competed with Jack Donaldson and Arthur Postle. Blood will tell, and it was only 18 months ago that Alex decided on a running career, much to the delight of his 64-year-old father, who was present to see his son win the "Thousand."

Wilson underwent a seven months preparation and faced the final with the confidence that his finishing effort would win the day. He reckoned that Cull would "die on the line" and it proved correct.

Wilson is a teacher of science and mathematics at the Murtoa school.

The Commonwealth Athletic Club of Bendigo was formed only three years ago and a local business man, Albert Matthews, was appointed honorary organiser. He visited Sydney a few months ago to induce the best talent here to compete for the record prize money.

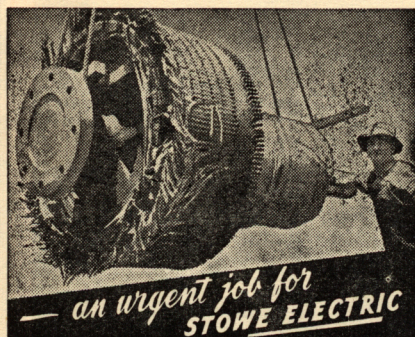
Through the enterprise of the Club, this year it had the additional assistance of the Draper electrical judging machine, a device claimed to separate runners down to one inch. The machine operates on the breaking of the tape, giving contact to an electrical recorder, which dots the margins on a running strip in their respective lanes.

Never before was there such nec-

essity for such a machine as that in the third semi-final of the "Thousand." No one could separate Bern Hogan and Pat McKeown. The runners walked away from the finishing line, anxious and excited as to the result. Neither appeared confident. The judges decided to leave it to the machine and it disclosed that McKeown had won by one and a half inches.

The Governor-General (Mr. McKell) said in his speech: "I congratulate those men responsible for organising this fine carnival, which gives to the people of Bendigo and the Commonwealth a marvellous athletic festival. It has been conducted most efficiently and I am happy to have been able to see this spectacle. I hope the carnival will enjoy the fullest patronage in the future just as it has in the past years."

Following on the Bendigo Carnival the old-established Stawell Gift (130 yards) broke all records at



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Students of athletics will learn much from the position of John Stoney's hands—wide open instead of the closed grip in bygone days. But it evidently pays dividends.

Easter time and created nation-wide interest. Competitors came from all parts of the Commonwealth. Only 22 inches separated the five finalists.

The winner was Jack Cann (8½ yds.) who was four inches in front of Peter Judd (7½ yds.) with John Stoney (2 yds.) nine inches away third. Time 11-13-16 seconds.

Cann is 20 years of age, a non-smoker and a moderate drinker. He is an accountancy clerk with the B.H.P. at Broken Hill. He was accompanied to Stawell by his parents, who won several thousand pounds in bets. As much as 100 to 1 was secured.

Cann started a hot favourite (6 to 4 on) in the final, with Stoney at 2 to 1.

Twenty-two years old John Stoney's run of 9 yards 2 feet 11 inches inside evens stamps him as one of the greatest sprint runners in the world. He is a fine specimen of Australian manhood, 6 feet 2 inches tall and weighing 11 st. 10 lbs. in running condition. He is a fifth year medical student. Stoney has an imposing record on the running track, recently winning four professional championships. John Stoney's uncle is our club member Frank Watts who was a noted foot runner in his youth.

THE HANDICAPPER BEAT STONEY

HAD John Stoney, as Australian sprint champion, run from actual scratch and the whole field been handicapped back to him, Stoney would have won the Stawell Gift. The extra two yards would have enabled him to make up the few remaining inches by which he just missed catching Cann and Judd!

But because the V.A.L. has persisted with a farcical system in which no runner covers the full Gift distance of 130 yards, Stoney had only 128 yards in which to pick up 6½ yards on the front-marker in the final, and 6¼ yards on Cann.

Fact that he missed Cann by a mere 10 inches and Judd by only four, shows what a certainty he would have been—on the greatest performance ever seen at Stawell had the Gift been run over its full journey.

To men like Stoney and Frank Banner, driving finishers, 2 yards extra at the finish is far more important than 2 yds. less at the start.

There's no lack of precedent: Sprague and Tim Banner were quoted as actual scratch runners at Stawell. For some inexplicable reason, present day backmarkers are

handicapped out from scratch and fields are handicapped away from them.

Fortunately, Stoney's case points the farce. At the V.A.L. council meeting next week the old system of having regular scratch men, as basis for handicapping, is to be revived.

And unless it clicks, there is nothing left in the game for men like Stoney and Frank Banner, apart from special events, and exhibitions—the rich Gifts are beyond them.

Stoney's achievement of running within an inch of 10 yds. inside evens on Stawell's uphill track not only stamped him as best ever seen there, but fostered the idea with Bendigo promoter Albert Matthews, of staging the greatest sprint match in history of pro. athletics.

He proposes to offer Stoney and Frank Banner appearance money and a lush prize for a match race over 130 yards next season.

Banner is at "outs" now with the V.A.L. but we have reason to say that, fit and well on a properly-timed prep. next season, he will jump at the chance of running against Stoney for a big stake. Dickering is on now.

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LONDON'S HISTORIC SHOPS

LONDON, it seems, has between 800 and 900 businesses established a century ago or longer and among those are fifty or so with partners directly descended from the founder. This is particularly to be noted in banks, wine merchants, tea dealers, caterers, tobacconists, tailors, hatters, grocers, chemists, jewellers, book publishers and booksellers and printers of Government private papers and other businesses that imply a more or less confidential relationship with customers.

Private bankers as a body are probably the oldest houses. Child's had Mistress Eleanor Gwynn, as well as Charles the Second, on their ledgers, Hoare's (still with nearly all its partners of the family) had Pepys, and Drummond the Jacobite lords, while Coutts had the great Whigs.

The famous Whitechapel Bell Foundry claims with much support that they made cannon as well as bells for Drake's ships and also the hour bell of St. Paul's—many of the

Whitechapel Foundry's bells fell with the city churches in the German raids—and with the bellmakers (as lawyers say) is a Lambeth candle-maker who claims that his house made candles for the ships that fought the Spanish Armada and a firm that supplied emery for polishing the bores of the cannon used in that great encounter.

History, of course, was always shopping. Brittle, of Wood Street, made the identical waistcoat Nelson wore when was shot at Trafalgar and the stockings young Queen Victoria wore on her coronation day. Davison, Newman and Company, the tea-brokers of Creechurch Lane, owned sixteen of the twenty-eight chests of tea which the revolutionary Americans, disguised as Indians, threw into Boston Harbour.

Robert Twining, of the great tea firm in the Strand, was consulted by Pitt on the tea tax; Gieve's, in Bond Street, made uniforms for Nelson, and when Russian Soviet naval officers visited London in 1944, several of them got uniforms there. Charles Laughton, the actor, when about to be filmed as Captain Bligh of "The Bounty," went to Gieve's for particulars of the uniforms of Bligh's day and was shown in the ledgers the very entries for Bligh's uniforms.

Berry's the legendary wine merchants in St. James's Street, whose vaults touch those of the Palace, have been weighing the makers of history on their ancient scales for one hundred and fifty years or so, from Fox and Pitt and Warren Hastings to Lord John Russell and Salisbury and George the Sixth and his brothers.

In Chancery Lane is Ede and Ravercroft's shop, where lawyers buy wigs and peers buy or store their robes. They made robes for Marlborough, Nelson and Wellington, and the coronation robes of Queen Anne. They made a wig for the first woman barrister. The oldest pewterer's business, Burn and Englefield, has a woman as its chief, the only woman member for centuries of the Worshipful Company of Pewterers.

Near Berry's is Lock's, the hat-maker, whose business was established at Atherstone more than two centuries ago. Lock's is credited with inventing, among other things, the billycock hat.

THE bore was boasting of his family's patriotism.

"Why," he said, "my father fought in the last war and my grandfather fought in the Boer War. My great-grandfather, I'm told, fought in the Zulu War."

"Really!" drawled a listener. "On which side?"



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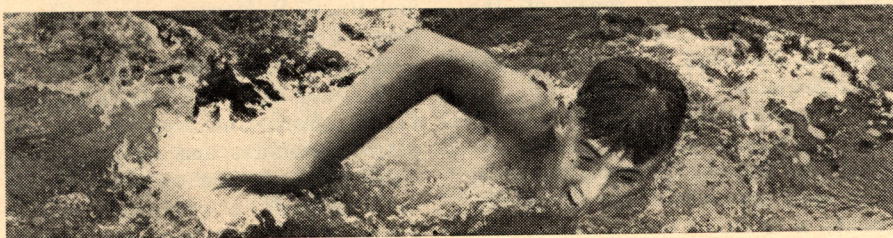
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POOL SPLASHES

Shaffran Heads Chiene

WITH only a few months to go to complete the season, the contest for the "Native Son" Trophy for the season's leading point scorer is waxing very hot and there are many with chances of taking out the coveted trophy.

After leading for many months Bruce Chiene has struck bad luck



with a football injury and has been passed by Jack Shaffran who has found a fine streak of form.

But Jack's finding it hard sledding these days for his improvement has reduced his handicap and Dave Hunter, assisted by a temporary increase in handicap, is not far astern, level with Chiene.

Another consistent performer in Clive Hoole is coming up apace and the same may be said of Harry Davis. The possibilities of the next few weeks are enormous.

With a series of wonderful finishes Carl Phillips landed the March-April Point Score narrowly from Shaffran. Carl's thrilling finishes have been features of the month's racing, quite a number of swimmers who reckoned they were "home and hosed" getting the shock of their lives when Carl's hand shot like lightning to the touch to snatch victory.

In the present monthly series Bill Dovey, Jr., has the lead and thoroughly deserves the position. One of his best performances was in a Brace Relay over 80 yards with Carl Phillips as partner. In a crowded final of five pairs these two fine swimmers landed the bacon with a swim of 40 secs., which is just about the fastest the Club has seen.

There were five winning swims of under 20 secs. for 40 yards during the month, Bill Kendall and Carl Phillips putting up 19-1/5 secs. twice each and Bruce Hodgson once. Best of the other swims were 20-2/5

secs., R. J. Graves; 20½, M. Fuller; 20-4/5 (twice), M. Sellen; 21, W. G. Dovey.

Don Wilson appears to confine his attention to Brace Relays these days and when he strips for one the boys are all on him. Two appearances during the month saw him win a final with Jack Miller and land second place in the other with Harry Davis.

Malcolm Fuller has only swum two races since his vacation but landed a heat in the smart time of 20½ secs.

Another thing worthy of note is that Bill Sellen missed a race and that's really something to write home about for Bill has started in every race since he joined the Club.

Peter Hill, missing for a long time, showed no loss of pace when he tied with John Dexter off the same mark in a heat in 22 secs.

Bill Phillips, having caught up on some of the arrears of work accumulated during his absence as manager of the Olympics Swimming Team, is with us again and isn't going so badly as was shown when he won a Brace Relay partnered by Jack Shaffran.

Results:—

March 22, 80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap:—J. W. Miller and D. Wilson (48), 1; J. O. Dexter and R. Moran (45), 2; J. Shaffran and M. Sellen (46), 3. Time 46-2/5 secs.

March 29, 40 Yards Handicap—1st Division:—J. Shaffran (24), 1; B. Hodgson (20), 2; S. Lorking (23), 3. Time 23-1/5 secs. 2nd Division:—C. B. Phillips (20), 1; M. Sellen (22), 2; R. J. Moran (23), 3. Time 19-1/5 secs.

April 5, 80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap:—W. B. Phillips and J. Shaffran (46), 1; A. K. Webber and K. Hunter (50), 2; B. Hodgson and H. E. Davis (42), 3. Time 44-4/5 secs.

April 12, 40 Yards Handicap:—W. Kendall (19), 1; J. Shaffran (24), 2; Neil Barrell (22), 3. Time 19-1/5 secs.

April 19, 80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap:—C. B. Phillips and W. G. Dovey (41), 1; D. Wilson and H. E. Davis (48), 2; W. K. Sherman and C. Hoole (52), 3. Time 40 secs.

March-April Point Score

Final Results: C. B. Phillips, 22½; J. Shaffran, 22; M. Sellen, 21; R. J. Moran and B. Hodgson, 20; S. Lorking, 19½; J. O. Dexter, 18½; G. Goldie, 17; C. Hoole and D. B. Hunter, 16; S. Murray, B. Chiene and Neil Barrell, 15½; W. G. Dovey and H. E. Davis, 15; J. W. Miller, 13; K. Hunter and C. Chatterton, 12½.

April-May Point Score

With one event and a final to complete it, the leaders in this series are:—W. G. Dovey, 17; H. E. Davis, 15; J. Shaffran, J. O. Dexter and W. K. Sherman, 13½; C. Hoole, 12½; C. B. Phillips and Neil Barrell, 12; S. B. Solomon, 11½; D. B. Hunter and A. K. Webber, 11; S. Murray, 9½; A. McCamley and C. Chatterton, 9; W. Kendall and P. Lindsay, 8.

1948-1949 Point Score

To 26th April the leading points scorers were:—J. Shaffran, 93½; B. Chiene and D. B. Hunter, 88; C. Hoole, 84½; H. E. Davis, 84; P. Lindsay and C. Chatterton, 80½; S. Murray, 79½; Neil Barrell, 79; A. M. McCamley and C. B. Phillips, 74; A. K. Webber, 73; M. Sellen, 68; J. O. Dexter, 66½; G. Goldie, 62½; M. Fuller, 62; S. Lorking, 60; W. Kendall, 59; W. G. Dovey, 56½; G. Boulton and G. Christmas, 54½; W. K. Sherman, 53½; S. B. Solomon, 51½.

TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing all the work a man is doing,

If you like him or you love him—tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation as a funeral oration,

And he lies with snowy lilies on his brow.

Then no matter how you shout it, He will never care about it

Nor know how many teardrops you have shed.

If you think some praise is due him Now's the time to give it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

Historical Record of Tasmanian Turf Club

Search of ancient turf records has provided evidence that Tasmanian Turf Club—one of Australia's principal clubs—is probably the oldest racing club in the Commonwealth. Formed at Ross in 1826, 123 years ago, T.T.C. thrived in that Midland township for some years.

STATE Governor, Sir George Arthur, was first Patron, and succeeding representatives of H.M. the King have occupied similar positions. Present Patron is Governor, Admiral Sir Hugh Binney. The "father of the Tasmanian Turf," C. B. Hardwicke, was founder and first secretary, and lived until 1880 to see the Club become Tassie's senior authority.

When racing was transferred from its first real mecca at Ross to Launceston, T.T.C. lapsed for a number of years to be revived there in 1860 by what was substantially the original Committee. Racing had various venues in Launceston before coming to Mowbray in about 1858 and on this picturesque park course T.T.C. has carried on since the renewal, except for a few blank years in the 1860's. From a great revival meeting in 1871, the Club never looked back.



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Development of the course started in earnest during the years Australia's famous old race—the 3 miles Champion Stakes was run at Mowbray. Starting in 1865, five Champion Stakes were staged at Mowbray, remaining races of the series being run at Hobart (once) and in Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand.

A racehorse owner, Mr. H. D. Parr, sold the course property to a Mowbray Racecourse Company in 1876, but when the venture proved unprofitable, a T.T.C. Committeeman, Mr. William C. Grubb, became new owner. Mr. Grubb proved a generous landlord, and with a token rental only provided new course entrance gates, 140 trees and large supplies of shrubs—many of which remain today.

Starting Barriers

Starting barriers were introduced to Mowbray in 1895, and 10 years later the course was purchased by T.T.C. for £7,500. The club vigorously assisted country clubs, sending stewards to these meetings. It is on record that the controlling body did not conduct the 1888 Autumn Meeting in order to accede to a request from a country club to assist in holding its foundation meeting.

Tasmanian Rules of Racing were finally agreed upon in 1900, and T.T.C. was elected a governing body when Australian Rules of Racing were laid down and the Principal Clubs were appointed at Conference in 1911.

Two members of present Committee have very long records—Mr. R. C. Field has been a racing executive since 1887, probably an Australian record. He was T.T.C. hon. starter for some years after 1895 and joined Committee 42 years ago. Mr. Field has been Club's chairman on several occasions and is a life member. Mr. C. A. H. Youl has been a Committeeman almost continuously since 1909, while his father, late Charles Youl, was on the Committee from 1874, and Chairman for 20 years until his retirement in 1906. Both father and

son were elected life members of T.T.C., probably a unique distinction in history of a Principal Club. There are only two other life members of T.T.C.—the Club's retired Secretary, Mr. Andrew Raeburn, and Mr. G. P. Harvey, who is Chairman of T.R.C.

Main race on Club's Calendar is Launceston Cup, first Cup in 1865, a £1,000 effort, and won by an imported racehorse and sire, Panic, a noted galloper then owned by Samuel Blackwell, a prominent Melton (Mowbray) sportsman and early Master of Southern Hounds. Corra Linn Stakes for two-year-olds was first run at the 1876 Cup Carnival. Club conducted Tasmanian Derby from 1915 until 1933, and, since 1938, has maintained State's only classic race, Tasmanian Guineas on Boxing Day.

(A well-known Hobart turfman who writes under title of "Cap o' Blue," supplied the information contained in this interesting story of Tasmania's early racing.)

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Annual Billiards and Snooker Tournaments

SNOOKER

DRAW FOR 1st ROUND

L. J. Haigh	R. 40	v.	K. F. E. Fidden	R. 30
J. Harris	R. 50	v.	A. H. Charleston	R. 55
F. E. Headlam	R. 35	v.	W. A. McDonald	R. 60
J. Molloy	R. 30	v.	R. B. Barmby	R. 45
D. J. Ford	R. 45	v.	B. M. Norris	R. 25
R. Rattray	R. 35	v.	F. Vockler	R. 15
W. Lieberman	R. 50	v.	D. F. Graham	R. 50
J. W. Douglas	R. 45	v.	R. L. Ball	R. 50
E. A. Davis	R. 20	v.	R. Price	R. 50
R. R. Doyle	R. 50	v.	J. A. Williams	R. 45
D. Lake	R. 45	v.	F. Ezzy	R. 50
W. G. Harris	R. 55	v.	A. M. Cattanaach	R. 35
N. Seamonds	R. 55	v.	E. R. Purves	R. 50
G. J. C. Moore	R. 50	v.	W. P. Keighery	R. 40
N. R. Plomley	R. 30	v.	R. Symonds	R. 50
A. M. Watson	R. 40	v.	A. T. Norton	R. 55
R. H. Alderson	R. 30	v.	W. S. Edwards	R. 50
W. Askew	R. 45	v.	A. J. Howarth	R. 45
A. F. Eastment	R. 50	v.	E. N. Welch	R. 50
C. L. Parker	R. 50	v.	A. C. Gelling	R. 55
W. R. Dovey	R. 50	v.	C. K. MacDonald	R. 45
C. J. Manning	R. 40	v.	A. J. Chown	R. 20
J. L. Hughes	R. 50	v.	W. M. Hannan	R. 50
J. A. Craig	R. 45	v.	J. W. Anderson	R. 50
A. Buck	R. 50	v.	T. E. Sweet	R. 60
E. W. Abbott	R. 50	v.	W. Longworth	R. 10
D. Lotherington	R. 55	v.	E. K. White	R. 50
A. R. Buckle	R. 45	v.	M. Lloyd Jones	R. 40
E. S. Pointing	R. 40	v.	A. A. Ray	R. 50
E. E. Davis	R. 50	v.	A. E. Stutchbury	R. 60
A. J. McGill	R. 45	v.	J. I. Armstrong	R. 55
J. A. Shaw	R. 45	v.	J. L. McDermott	R. 40
S. E. Chatterton	R. 40	v.	G. R. Bryden	R. 30
C. S. Brice	R. 50	v.	G. H. Booth	R. 50
C. F. Scarf	R. 40	v.	H. F. Kent	R. 40
J. Green	R. 55	v.	K. B. Hunt	R. 50
A. V. Miller	R. 20	v.	I. C. Burt	R. 40
R. Hutchinson	R. 55	v.	P. J. Schwarz	R. 40
A. Page	R. 55	v.	J. W. Melville	R. 55
J. Eaton	R. 35	v.	F. J. Geddes	R. 50
S. Peters	R. 50	v.	C. Cohen	R. 35
R. G. Mead	R. 50	v.	J. A. Roles	R. 50
L. R. Flack	R. 45	v.	A. K. Quist	R. 50
G. Chiene	R. 55	v.	L. Tasker	R. 50
V. Richards	R. 50	v.	P. N. Roach	R. 50

A. H. Stocks	R. 55	v.	C. O. Chambers	R. 45
R. Tobias	R. 50	v.	J. D. Mullan	R. 55
G. Webster	R. 40	v.	E. J. Millar	R. 50

BYES

G. D. Tayler	R. 60	H. Hill	R. 35
L. H. Howarth	R. 35	K. Ranger	R. 45
J. H. Peoples	R. 30	"G.J.W."	R. 30
C. Summerhayes	R. 40	H. R. Foley	R. 50
W. G. Marshall	R. 50	B. M. Lane	R. 20
M. E. Farley	R. 55	G. Fienberg	R. 20
E. H. Booth	R. 40	H. G. Parr	R. 50
W. Laforest	R. 40	H. J. Robertson	Scratch

BILLIARDS

DRAW FOR 1st ROUND

W. R. Dovey	R. 130	v.	G. Chiene	R. 125
A. J. Howarth	R. 100	v.	J. J. Stapleton	R. 60
S. Peters	R. 80	v.	A. J. Chown	O. 20
F. E. Headlam	R. 65	v.	R. Hutchinson	R. 125
J. Harris	R. 100	v.	A. Buck	R. 110
H. Hill	R. 80	v.	L. R. Flack	R. 90
G. H. Booth	R. 125	v.	H. F. Kent	R. 80
W. A. McDonald	R. 150	v.	C. J. Manning	R. 110
A. R. Buckle	R. 75	v.	N. Seamonds	R. 160
A. J. McGill	R. 80	v.	C. L. Parker	R. 120
R. G. Mead	R. 110	v.	G. Fienberg	Scratch
W. S. Edwards	R. 125	v.	J. A. Roles	R. 100
W. Longworth	O. 100	v.	N. R. Plomley	R. 50
C. Cohen	R. 80	v.	F. Vockler	O. 25
E. A. Davis	R. 40	v.	J. W. Anderson	R. 125
W. Laforest	R. 80	v.	C. O. Chambers	R. 125
J. A. Shaw	R. 100	v.	J. I. Armstrong	R. 120
K. F. E. Fidden	R. 75	v.	J. Eaton	R. 80
W. T. Kerr	R. 175	v.	A. E. Stutchbury	R. 160
E. W. Abbott	R. 130	v.	"G.J.W."	R. 40
R. Price	R. 100	v.	E. N. Welch	R. 115
W. M. Hannan	R. 115	v.	P. J. Schwarz	R. 80
W. P. Keighery	R. 100	v.	R. R. Doyle	R. 140
P. N. Roach	R. 125	v.	R. L. Ball	R. 130
R. H. Alderson	R. 40	v.	A. V. Miller	O. 20
E. K. White	R. 100	v.	A. Gelling	R. 130
S. E. Chatterton	R. 100	v.	C. F. Scarf	R. 60
H. J. Robertson	O. 100	v.	L. J. Haigh	R. 90
J. Molloy	R. 50	v.	K. Ranger	R. 100
G. R. Bryden	R. 80	v.	J. H. Peoples	R. 100
L. H. Howarth	R. 95	v.	J. Coen	R. 95
C. K. McDonald	R. 110	v.	R. Rattray	R. 110

FORGERS AT WORK

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR Paul Burney, head of Scotland Yard's special Forgery Squad, has been trained to detect every kind of forgery from Savings Stamps to Old Masters. But what at the moment is worrying him and his opposite numbers from overseas—he has been conferring with leading officials of the American Federal Bureau of Investigation and Inspector Rene Riols of France—is nothing so exotic as faked Vermeers but just plain forgery of currency.

Forged British, American and Canadian notes are circulating increasingly in most big Continental cities.

At home, each week brings further proof of the increase in counterfeited money.

Last summer, along the south-east coast, dozens of forged £1 notes got into circulation before any suspicion was aroused. They would still be unsuspected (and no doubt many of them are) had it not been that a woman cashier in a Brighton multiple store noticed a queer smudge on one of the notes.

She reported to the manager, who called in the police. Chief Constable W. J. Hutchinson, of the Sussex Constabulary, took personal charge of the case, and asked Inspector Bur-

ney to help. Burney and his assistants, with microscope and chemicals, found that the paper and watermark were genuine. Only the thin metal line, introduced during the war to make forgery more difficult, was missing.

Hundreds of forged notes are being passed daily at race meetings, greyhound tracks, boxing bouts and football matches. One bookmaker awoke to find a letter from his bank saying that two days previously he had paid in more than £200 in forged notes.

Men from Burney's squad called to ask if he could give any information about the people who had passed the notes to him, but it was obviously a forlorn hope.

ROUNDABOUT *of* SPORT

ONE of the greatest players ever on the books of an English Soccer Club was what might be called a bad character. He drank heavily and was promiscuous in his attention to girls. The manager of the club soon reprimanded him for his drinking and forced him to stop. At once the player lost form. He did not regain it until the manager tactfully allowed him to drink a couple of bottles of beer before the match.

Thereafter the manager left the player to look after his own drinking habits, except that on a Friday night he had him shadowed by a local detective who, after about the fifth drink, would good naturedly put the player in a cell for the night and deliver him at the ground freshly shaved and breakfasted on the Saturday morning.

THE father of F. G. Mann, who led England's team against the South Africans, is F. T. Mann, also a former captain of Middlesex, who led the England team against South Africa in 1922-1923 and was one of our most popular captains. In the history of cricket there is no other

case of father and son leading Test teams. Even cases where father and son have played in Test matches are rare. Two come quickly to mind in English cricket—Fred Tate and his son Maurice of Sussex, and Joe Hardstaff of Notts and his son Joe Hardstaff, Jnr. South Africa has Dave Nourse and his son Dudley.

A record which may not be broken for many a year was made when W. G. Quaife and his son Bernard Quaife were batting for Warwickshire and the Derbyshire bowlers were William Bestwick and his son R. J. Bestwick.

FROM the secretary of the British Columbia Racing Breeders' Association there is a suggestion that the National Stud should export young British racehorses to Canada. Canadian owners, he says, are greatly interested in British stock. His suggestion: let the exports be paid for now out of the idle sterling funds in this country; other orders, and dollars, will follow later. Meanwhile America is getting the Canadian market. American exports of thoroughbreds to British Columbia alone in one month topped 150,000 dollars.

THIS does not make agreeable reading, but I will quote, all the same, from a letter just received by a colleague of mine from his son who saw the M.C.C. players in their match at Bulawayo (wrote Bruce Harris in London "Evening Standard").

"Never have I seen an England side look so bored. The Rhodesians were doing their utmost; their opponents gave me the impression they

were treating them like the local village team. They seldom exerted themselves when fielding, and had a 'couldn't care less' attitude. One of the players confirmed my own opinion of the tour by saying that the Springbok cricket authorities were trying to make as much money as possible out of them in the shortest possible time."

REPORT from South Africa that twelve-year-old schoolgirl Joan Harrison, swimming at East London, covered 880 yards in 11 minutes 23.7 secs., claims that this is a world's record. Though this time is probably a record for so young a swimmer, the U.S. will contest it as a record for all-comers. They claim the world record for Ann Curtis who, in July, 1944, did the distance in 11 mins. 8.6 secs. That detracts little from Joan Harrison's performance. She is an unknown quantity in the swimming world.

FAT CHEQUES FOR FOOTBALLERS

A NEW type of man is getting on to the boards of English Soccer clubs. These newcomers have no real roots in the game, but they want the prestige and social position which come to-day from football and, having made money easily during the war, they have used that money to get on to club boards. Once there, many of them are attempting to use in football methods which brought them success in business.

Because attendances are high, money is coming in easily. Clubs



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have wiped off their overdrafts and most of them have substantial credit balances. Directors are, therefore, less worried about spotting and training young talent. They want quick results. They can get them by paying fat cheques for ready-made footballers. So they go bidding in the transfer market.

Other clubs, however, are also well off. They no longer need to sell star players in order to pay the wages of the rest. So an under-the-counter black market is developing. Payments are made secretly and in defiance of League rules to make a wanted player dissatisfied with his club. The share of a transfer fee which can be paid to a player is strictly limited by league rules. Unscrupulous directors, however, will approach a player, often without the knowledge of his club, and offer to pay him on the side very large sums. They also offer inducements such as jobs, houses, and newspaper contracts.

Once a star player is secured he is made a great fuss of by his new directors. He is given special presents, he is invited to parties, all with a view to raising the social prestige of the director concerned. The effect of this on the star players themselves is bad. They are brought into an atmosphere where money is made easily, and they realise that their own financial value will last only for a few years and are determined to cash in on it for all it is worth. Hence the continual changing of clubs, nearly always in response to an under-the-counter bid.

WALL ST. GHOSTS

A CERTAIN Mr. Goldsmith has just been ordered by a New York court to desist from publishing his weekly Stock Exchange tip sheet. The special feature of the Goldsmith service was that the information it imparted purported to have been obtained by way of psychic contact with the departed spirits of Wall Street speculators.

Mr. Goldsmith is alleged to have earned some 39,000 dollars a year by acting as liaison officer between those who still hope to take it with them and those who now realise that it cannot be done; and since a full 50 per cent. of Wall Street ghosts attained their present status by jumping, as ruined and desperate

men, off skyscrapers, this is a little surprising.

A little more reflection shows, however, that Goldsmith's success was inevitable, he having hit upon a formula which made, with deadly and elegant simplicity, a double-pronged attack on two of the fundamental misconceptions of mankind: that shares, if only one could understand them, afford a short cut to affluence; and that translation to the next world automatically confers the gift of prophecy on those whose noses were the limit of their vision in this.

The Assistant Attorney-General in America was constrained, indeed, to admit that Mr. Goldsmith's forecasts hit nails on the head distinctly more frequently than do those of the average Wall Street tipster. It is no use asking why, in this case, the financial journalist was content to remain such, rather than to use his powers in out-Morganing the House of Morgan.

By and large, we consider it a pity that Mr. Goldsmith has been injured. As a medium, he seems to have persuaded his familiars into something a shade more sensible than rapping tables.

WHAT A MAN WAS CAPT. WEBB

FOR pure courage the men who battled Niagara with only their physical resources to rely upon, rank in the fore front. Most illustrious of these hardy souls was the Englishman, Capt. Webb, who had swum the English Channel.

Webb was a man of great daring. Two years before his Channel swim he had dived overboard from a ship travelling at 14 knots to rescue a seaman. And he was determined. The Channel victory was not his first attempt. Only 12 days earlier he had been dragged exhausted from the water after nearly seven hours' battling. And, as well, he was well-muscled—all qualities to stand him against the forces of wind, tide and sea.

When he reached the sands of Calais, the first man to swim the English Channel—and the last to accomplish the feat until 36 years later when another succeeded after 16 attempts—he had been in the water for 21½ hours and had covered 39½ miles.

In the Channel he had met the

chill winds off the North Sea. Strong tides had beaten him and pulled him miles off his course. His trainers had attempted to drag him from the water, but he refused to give in. And eventually he won.

Nevertheless, when, in 1883, Webb announced that he was going to swim the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids the proposition was regarded as too risky even for him. His friends tried hard to dissuade him but he was not to be put off. Webb had exploited his feats, and there were thousands gathered at the falls to watch him poise for a moment above the swirling waters and then dive into the current.

But Niagara was not the English Channel. After plunging over the Falls, a flow of water estimated to be a cubic mile per day, forces its fierce way to freedom through a passage only 400 feet wide at places. Great waves toss and tear frantically at a 42-miles-per-hour speed. These were the forces Webb intended to conquer by bodily power alone.

He failed. After entering the cauldron a 40-foot-high wave knocked him senseless and buried his body.

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HELL ON THE HOOF

One of the most vicious and terrifying sights in the world's sport (so-called) of stallion-pitting.

THE two great horses came snorting into the clearing, their massive flanks and broad chests shining in the still, white moonlight, and a roar went up from two thousand spectators.

A gentle little mare was led out, and when her scent went abroad the horses reared on high, their hoofs flailing the air, and the night cracked with the anger-screams of the stallions. Again the mare was paraded before the great horses, and as the stallions once more caught the scent they were beside themselves.

The attendants forced about a quart of wine adulterated with hashish down their throats, and in a few minutes, as the betting became feverish, and the stakes mounted ever higher, the heady wine, the dope, and the presence of the mare set the horses to bucking and heaving like two monsters on a primitive canvas.

The horses settled for a moment,

and eyed each other, their eyeballs showing white, the white streaked with a veinous red. The men shouted, the tumult grew, the bookies went about taking wagers, and the amounts were formidable, for most of those assembled were high-ranking chiefs of rich landowners on the Island of Mindanao.

It is only the affluent, as a rule, in the Philippines who can afford to engage in secret and savage pitting of animals by the Moros. Stallion-pitting has been forbidden by the constabulary for centuries, but to-day, in back countries of the islands, champion stallions are groomed, conditioned for the night of terror and holocaust until they're three years old.

During the long training period never are the horses saddled, never are they broken to the bit. They're studiously developed as four-footed gladiators and nothing else. The in-

cubator period is a time of infuriation. The horse is goaded and goaded again. He learns to spar, to charge; else his flanks are pricked with a six-footed goad; his teeth are rapped with a bamboo stave; his ears are clouted with something which has a resemblance to a baseball bat.

Slowly, painstakingly, the horse learns to skirmish, to defend his flank, to dart in with his teeth, rip and withdraw, to lower his head for a charge and come up with it in a kind of uppercut. His footwork becomes a thing of poetry, and his side step and carom are a dance of the bends. Training and hardening is ceaseless. He is given test matches during which his muzzle is caught in a head strap, and his hoofs are muffled with straw pads.

From early age onward, the hoofs are carefully tended so that the tissue is encouraged to grow out and harden in a kind of ridge away from the periphery. He then can pack a wallop that leaves both a slash, a stomp, and a gouge.

The fighting is usually done in a great enclosure and at night. Spectators are left unprotected and, as the horses swirl and gallop against one another, the crowd falls away in an ecstasy of emotion and frenzy, like a live loop.

Sugar plantations are lost and won; great land sections are gambled away: men have become ruined in a night, or have emerged grossly rich.

But one horse invariably dies.

It is estimated that no more than two or three of the stallion fights are held a year in each area. But the word is passed along and they draw from 500 to 2,500 spectators. There was one memorable fight on Mindanao when a gigantic black stallion not only succeeded in smashing his opponent to the earth in a space of five minutes, but advanced on the crowd and cracked the skulls of two fleeing Moros before his handlers could catch him.

Both horses wore cunningly fashioned spurs on their hoofs not dissimilar to those worn by fighting cocks, but of a heavier variety. On their foreheads were strapped unicornlike shafts very much like those worn by horses during the Crusades.

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HOW TO CATCH A HUSBAND

This champion husband-chaser can bring 'em back alive, but he can't guarantee they will stay put, Jay Breen wrote in an article in "Collier's."

DAPPER GEORGE LAMB, dean of America's husband chasers, is understandably proud of a record that has established him as one of the nation's best in bringing back alive, although sometimes slightly damaged, several thousand husbands who flouted the law by trying to cut their own marriage knots.

He is dismayed by the popular acceptance of that ancient conception that too much money breeds disaster in a marriage. He says it is usually the lack of money that splits a marriage.

Another increasingly popular notion with which Lamb is unable to voice complete accord is that differences in religion are not of major importance in a marriage. Since women, by and large, take their religion more seriously than men, it is often assumed that, given time, a man will eventually adopt his beloved's faith.

"Not in my book," Lamb says. "Sometimes a man will get so stubborn on the subject he'll wreck his home before he'll give an inch."

The personalities of the men he has sought include enough types to delight a psychiatrist. If a girl contemplating marriage should ask for his opinion, Lamb would most strongly advise against marrying the egocentric, happy-go-lucky sort of young man. The very things that make a girl's head spin before marriage can and do make it ache with remorse afterward.

Against Marriage

He is most emphatically against marriage for the man who is a "confirmed gambler." By that he means one who will gamble even so much as a penny without actually having the money in his pocket to pay off. A woman can spot this affliction by noting whether a boy friend borrows with increasing unconcern as the love affair ripens.

Young ladies should beware of the suitor who is given to lying, even though his habit is confined to the harmless "white lie." If her man will tell the truth when it is downright embarrassing to do so—when a tiny fib would get him over a difficult

spot—she can mark him down as an A-1 prospect.

The fifth year seems to be the critical period in most marriages. By then, most of the glamour has worn off and a previously dazzled couple has had a chance to meditate on the probable course of the next 20 to 30 years together. Thus, the age of the average Lamb client is about 25, seldom more than 30. One baffling particular in his work is the fact that the majority of the wives who see him are quite attractive. He cannot account for it, but the "other women" quite often are comparatively homely.

Movies and Fiction

Lamb thinks that movies, fiction and the songs we sing give us all the idea that it is entirely possible to find a mate who will delight us the rest of our days, a rosy viewpoint which he sourly denounces as the greatest fraud of the ages.

Of the notes left by departing husbands, the most frequent are variations on this theme:

"I'm getting out now while I still have some youth left, to see and do all the things I've always wanted."

Although he feels that most wives do their utmost to hold a marriage together, usually far more than the husband, Lamb concedes that many wives bring on their troubles by growing careless. A recent visitor to his office arrived attired in a blouse so offending to Lamb that he demanded to know whether she had "mopped the kitchen with it."

"But even there," he says, "I blame the husband. A wife usually doesn't begin to get slovenly until she's convinced that her husband ignores every effort she makes to be attractive."

The only time Lamb gets sufficiently irked with women to take the man's side entirely is when a wife deserts a husband. You might think an abandoned husband would be inclined to let well enough alone. To the contrary, he's every bit as offended and enraged as a deserted wife. Although he's sympathetic, Lamb finds it difficult to repress a

smile at this reversal of the normal procedure.

"They come in here just madder than hell," he says, "and you know the first thing they say? It's always, 'I gave that woman the best years of my life'."

AGE CANNOT WITHER

STATED to have spent nearly half his life in prison, Robert Wooldridge, aged 94, pleaded guilty at Leeds Sessions to attempted burglary and to possessing housebreaking implements by night. Wooldridge's first appearance in court was during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, when he was sentenced to 12 strokes with the birch for stealing.

The prosecution said that Wooldridge tried to break through the door of a Leeds works with a jemmy. When disturbed he got away, in spite of his age, by climbing a 4 ft. 6 in. wall and jumping 14 ft. to the ground on the other side. When the police found him hiding in some bushes he was not in the least distressed.

Hollywood is too much publicised. There are too many people here. Some of them should be going back on a slow train.—Sam Goldwyn.

* * *

My recipe for a successful gambler is (1) he should start with lots of money; (2) he should be brave; (3) he should be very stupid. As I qualify for none of these you can see that I am not really a gambler at all.—Benno Mosewitch.

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Tattersall's Club	Sat.	21
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	28
(At Canterbury Park)		

JUNE.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	4
(At Randwick)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	11
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	13
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	18
(At Moorefield)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	25
(At Randwick)		

JULY.

Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	2
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	9
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	16
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	23
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	30
(At Rosehill)		

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Mon.	1
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	6
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	13
(At Canterbury Park)		
Hawkesbury Racing Club	Sat.	20
(At Rosehill)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	27
(At Randwick)		

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	3
(At Canterbury Park)		
Tattersall's Club	Sat.	10
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	24
(At Rosehill)		

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	1
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	3
Australian Jockey Club	Wed.	5
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	8
City Tattersall's Club	Sat.	15
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	22
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	29
(At Moorefield)		

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	5
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	12
(At Randwick)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	19
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	26
(At Canterbury Park)		

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	3
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	10
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	17
(At Rosehill)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	24
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	26
Australian Jockey Club	Tues.	27
Tattersall's Club	Sat.	31
(At Randwick)		

THE BABY VANISHES

By Joan Blondell in "The American Magazine"

FRANTIC mothers do the strangest things. One day while I was fixing lunch, my little boy, Norman, vanished. One minute he was under my feet; the next minute he was gone. At first I just called. Then I sent the maid upstairs where his baby sister, Ellen, was sleeping. When the maid said he wasn't up there I got panicky. I rushed all over, calling frantically.

Then I tore outside. Norman couldn't have got out the gate. The locks on it were out of his reach. But I went out in the street, anyway. After looking in all directions I dashed through the house of a neighbour without even knocking or explaining my behaviour.

When I got back, my sister, who had been taking a shower, stood in the hallway, her hair streaming down her face. "Don't just stand there," I screamed. "Do something! Call somebody—Call the F.B.I.!"

"This is Joan Blondell," I said, "the actress. My little boy is missing . . . I've looked everywhere!" My voice must have broken. The man on the 'phone murmured something polite about being terribly sorry. Was there anything he could do?

"Anything you can do?" I fairly yelled at him. "You ask ME what to do! Why do you think I'm calling you? You're supposed to know what to do! My lord, do something!"

I should have felt foolish, but I didn't. Not then. I just felt so relieved my knees turned to water when I grabbed him and hugged him. I did feel silly a little later when there was a knock on my door.

It was the late C. Aubrey Smith, the gentleman British actor. "I've come about your child," he said. "Is he all right? Is there any news?"

I was touched by his thoughtfulness. And puzzled, too, since we had never met. "Oh, yes," I said, "he turned up, he's fine. It's so kind of you to inquire. But . . . how did you know he was missing?"

He looked at me queerly. "Why, you telephoned me."

"My gosh!" I said, wishing I could vanish as effectively as my son. "Did I ask for C. Aubrey Smith? I meant to call J. Edgar Hoover!"

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